TO

SIR *GODFREY KNELLER*,

AT HIS

COUNTRY SEAT.

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LONDON:

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TO WHITTON's Shades, and *Hounſlow*'s airy Plain,
Thou, KNELLER, tak'ſt thy Summer flights in vain;
In vain thy wiſh gives all thy rural hours
To the fair Villa, and well-order'd bowers.
To court thy Pencil, early at thy gates
Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits;
The boaſtful Muſe, of others' fame ſo ſure,
Implores thy aid to make her own ſecure;
The Great, the Fair, and (if ought nobler be,
Ought more belov'd) the Arts ſolicite Thee.

How can'ſt Thou hope to fly the world? in vain
From *Europe* ſever'd by the circling Main,

Sought by the Kings of every diſtant land,
And every Hero, worthy of thy hand.
Ha'ſt thou forgot, that mighty *Bourbon* fear'd
He ſtill was Mortal, 'till thy Draught appear'd?
That *Coſmo* choſe thy glowing form to place
Amidſt his Maſters of the *Lombard* race?
See on her *Titian*'s and her *Guido*'s urns,
Her failing Arts forlorn *Heſperia* mourns,
While *Britain* wins each garland from her brow,
Her Wit and Freedom firſt, her Painting now.

Let the faint Copier, on old *Tyber*'s ſhore
(Nor mean the task) each breathing Buſt explore,
Line after line with painful patience trace
This *Roman* Grandeur, that *Athenian* Grace;
Vain care of Parts! if, impotent of ſoul,
Th' induſtrious workman fails to warm the Whole,
Each theft betrays the Marble whence it came,
And a cold Statue ſtiffens in the frame.
Thee Nature taught, nor Art her aid deny'd,
(The kindeſt Miſtreſs, and the ſureſt Guide)
To catch a Likeneſs at one piercing ſight,
And place the faireſt in the faireſt light.

E'er

E'er yet thy Pencil tries her nicer toils,
Or on thy Palette lie the blended Oils,
Thy careleſs Chalk has half atchiev'd thy art,
And her juſt Image makes *Cleora* ſtart.

A Mind, that graſps the whole, is rarely found;
Half-learn'd, half-painters, and half-wits abound:
Few, like thy Genius, at Proportion aim,
All great, all graceful, and throughout the ſame.

Such be thy Life. O, ſince the glorious Rage,
That fir'd thy Youth, flames unſubdu'd by Age,
Though Wealth nor Fame now touch thy fated mind,
Still tinge the canvas, bounteous to Mankind.
Since after Thee may riſe an impious Line,
Coarſe Manglers of the human face divine,
Paint on, till Fate diſſolve thy mortal part,
And live and die the Monarch of thy Art.

E'er yet thy Pencil tires her nicer toils,
Or on thy Palette lie the blunded Oils,
Thy careless Chalk has half atchiev'd thy Art,
And her just Image makes Cleora start.

A Mind, that grasps the whole, is rarely found;
Half-learn'd, half-painters, and half-wits abound:
Few, like thy Genius, at Proportion aim,
All great, all graceful, and throughout the same.

Such be thy Life. O, like the glorious Rage,
That fir'd thy Youth, flames unbedu'd by Age,
Though Wealth nor Fame now touch thy fated mind,
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